

*The Historie of*

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falst.* Their points being broken,

*Poynes.* Downe fell his hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the elenen I paid,

*Prin.* O monstrous! cleuen buckrom men growne out of two!

*Falst.* But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeson obscene greasie tallow-catch.

*Falst.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What sayest thou to this?

*Poynes.* Come, your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zblood you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poynes.* Marke, Iacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a

*Henry th*

word, outfac't you from your place here in the house: and Falst. as nimble, with as quicke dextre run and roare, as euer I heard but hacke thy sword as thou hast done. What tricke? what deuce? what find out, to hide thee from this

*Poin.* Come, lets heare, Iacke

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye heare you, my masters, was it for should I turne vpon the true Prince valiant as Hercules: but, beware the true Prince, instinct is a gro instinct, I shall thinke the better ring my life; I, for a valiant Ly but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad clap to the doores, watch to night lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all come to you. What, shall we be tempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal,

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince

*Prin.* How now, my Lady the

*Ho.* Marry, my L, there is a man would speake with you: he saies,

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will send him backe againe to my mother

*Fal.* What manner of man is he

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* I

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you did you Bardol, you are Lyons to you will not touch the true Prince

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw